

## UNKNOWN WRESTLER GIVES JENKINS THE BOUT OF HIS LONG CAREER

The wrestling match pulled off last night at Billy Elmer's gymnasium, No. 110 West Forty-second street, was the best thing in the mat line that New York has seen for many a day. Tom Jenkins and the chocolate-colored named Beale were the contestants. Jenkins won after about three hours of the hardest work that has ever been recorded in the city.

his business. The crowd couldn't shout him into declaring a fall unless he was satisfied that the under man's shoulders were on the mat.

When the men got busy at the start it was seen that the chocolate-colored man was the more plently sort. He was always aggressive and there wasn't an ounce of fear in him.

until Tom got himself bait up and groined Beale around the knees. "All right," yelled Charley Harvey, "let that fellow go."

It looked then as if Tom had the advantage in position, but Beale got away safely.

The fight went on for a while, but a little while longer, but finally got down to the mat.

The little fellow worked in the neck and the head and the legs. He did the south side of the ring protest.

Only for a short while were they on the floor. After that Jenkins couldn't get the little fellow off his pins. Neck holds that he had slammed Gatch to the floor, but the crowd really was of no use against Beel. Whenever he wanted to get away he simply ducked, and this was all that was to it.

The bout went on this way for about

"I've been waiting a long while," said Neck, answered Beel as he tightened his hold.

The longer the bout went the better it was, with the spectators hoping that the little fellow would never get up again. The fight ended with the views of the hot session. Jenkins got all kinds of "Newtons," but the little fellow came out the way.

Spectators Got Thirsty.

"Sleeper" and all kinds of things, and he deserved them all. The way he tossed Jenkins up and down and around gathered the one hundred "sports" into the ring, the ring-side, and the crowd, which included Nelsons, double Nelsons and a number of other holds Jenkins had on him made the eyes of the sports bulge.

**All Praised Beale.**

For an hour, when the tricky Jenkins bore in and slammed Beale to the floor. Beale landed on his ear, his body slinking up on a slant. A second or two to balance and Beale bounced to his feet like a rubber ball. Jenkins pushed and pulled at him, but Beale was on his feet another hour after that, and now until they had been at it for forty-three minutes longer was the first fall gained.

**Beale Gets First Fall.**

It was past midnight, and they were still struggling. Many of the crowd were asleep. But at last, at 12:30, Polinola made his break across the street to lunge up and came back, but did not get to the ring. He was told that the match would have to be continued until to-morrow night when Jenkins was to fight the champion. But Beale's fellow on his head, and finally from which forced him over and down on his shoulders. The fight was gained in 25 minutes and 38 seconds.

It was a close call for old Tom, but he was not hurt.

He sure enough is a 'sleeper,' said Pressman.

"He's worth the \$1,000 backing of any man's money," remarked "Bat" Mayerson, and so much credit was given to and so many nice words said about Beebe that, after the match was over and the whole crowd adjourned to the "Village," the Meekins family one unacquainted with the result of the match have picked him as the winner and Jenkins as the loser.

"The scene there was new even to that great philosopher, the Man Higher Up. 'I've never seen a lower pulled on the back by so many friends,' he remarked.

The match was a private affair, the \$1,000 side bet being sufficient attraction for Jenkins. Harvey Parker put the money down for Beebe, and the referee furnished the big bill for Jenkins, and let it be said right here that during

Beck got it after it looked a cinch that he would be forced down. Jenkins got a fierce haul Nelson on Beale and was forcing him head down when the little fellow suddenly slipped out of the hold, caught Jenkins's arm and forced him out of the ring before the spectators knew it. Jenkins's body was half way out of the ring, and he was on his hands and knees. He wasn't fair, but Referee O'Brien knew his business. He said Tom had both shoulders on the ground, and that was of the ring, and the referee was right.

During the ten minutes' rest the Conscience Party worried about Harvey Parker rooled them with a "finger or whet" Harry Polack was not scared. "I've been in the ring since him this time," he said. And Harry was right.

When they came on the mat again Jenkins did tear into the little fellow. First he slammed his head against the guard and then he drove him down with enough force to drive it into his shoulder blades; then he caught Beale on the rebound, buried him to the chest and with a half Nelson put his shoulders

match was a corker, and it's a pity it wasn't held in the big Garden, where the public could have looked on.

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The bout started shortly after 9 o'clock, and a look at the men as they came out of the dressing room better than Parker's. Hoo would be burnt up in short order. There was Jenkins, with all his ponderous bulk, weighing about 200 pounds, and Beale, a sawed-off and

hammered down bunch of muscle, more than a head shorter than Tonin and a head wider than the average man. Out they came again after the tenth round, and the referee called for O'Brien, and then they were at it. If Beale had dropped any of his previous fights, he was dropping this one. He seemed grittier than ever. He was like a bulldog, and soon had him on the floor. He pulled and tugged, and soon had a hold that choked very much like the one he had on the first fight. He was like a bulldog, and soon had him back that yelled the Jenkins fight. He was like a bulldog, and soon had him back that yelled the Jenkins fight.

was the referee, and his work during the bout demonstrated that he knows boxing this. Referee O'Brien: "I'm punting this. Beale held his choking hold for 10 seconds."

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